
Bray Arts Journal

Issue 4

December 2012

Volume 18



FREE



Front Cover

The Flight into Egypt
by Fra Angelico

Egg based tempera on wooden panel
Museo di San Marco, Florence 1451

FRA ANGELICO (1387-1455) DOMINICAN FRIAR AND ARTIST

Fra Angelico was born Guido di Pietro in Vecchio in 1387. He worked at illuminating manuscripts before he joined the Dominican Order of friars. He spent most of his life in San Marco monastery in Florence. Cosimo de' Medici had him decorate San Marco and because of his matchless paintings of angels, his fellow monks called him Fra Angelico.

Fra Angelico was a devout and holy man who believed he had a message from God to impart through his paintings. Before each painting, he would fast and pray. His fame as a painter spread and he was offered many commissions, the proceeds of which went directly to San Marco.

Vasari sums up the character of his devout countryman:—

"This father, truly angelic, spent all his life in the service of God and for the good of the world and his neighbour. In truth, the great and extraordinary powers possessed by Fra Guido could not have existed except in a man of most holy life. He was a man of simplicity and most holy in his ways ... He withheld himself from all worldly deeds, and living purely and in holiness, he was such a friend to the poor that I think his soul is now in heaven.

"He worked continually at his pictures and would never treat any but religious subjects. He might have been a rich man but he cared not to boast, and used to say that true riches consisted in being content with little. He might have had command over many but would not, saying that there was less trouble and risk in obeying than in commanding.... He was most gentle and sober, and, living chastely,



*The Annunciation (detail) 1443
Convento di San Marco, Florence*

freed himself from the snares of the world; and he was wont to say that whoever followed art had need of peace and to live without distracting thoughts, and that he who does work that concerns Christ must live continually with Christ.

"He was never known to get angry with the monks; if anyone desired work from him he would say that he would obtain consent of the Prior to it, and then would not fail to fulfill the request. In fact, this father, who cannot be sufficiently praised, was in all his works and conversation most humble and modest, and in his painting dexterous

and conscientious, and the saints of his painting have more the air and resemblance of saints than those of any other painter."

There is no doubt that the work of Fra Angelico has an intangible quality of serenity and what can only be described as holiness, whether one is religious or not. In the flight to Egypt, there is no panic or indication of fear. It's as if Mary and Joseph know they are in the hands of God. It must be remembered that in Fra Angelico's time Christian belief permeated every aspect of life. God, Christ, Mary and all the Saints were real and ever present in the lives of believers.

John Ruskin, the leading Victorian art critic said of Fra Angelico:

"The art of Angelico, both as a colourist and a draughtsman, is consummate; so perfect and so beautiful that his work may be recognized at a distance by the rainbow-play and brilliancy of it: however closely it may be surrounded by other works of the same school, glowing with enamel and gold, Angelico's may be told from them at a glance, like so many huge pieces of opal among common marbles."

In 1455 Fra Angelico died while staying at a Dominican Convent in Rome, perhaps working on Pope Nicholas' Chapel. His tomb can be seen in the Church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva in the centre of Rome. And this is his epitaph:

When singing my praise, do not say I was another Apelles.

But say that, in the name of Christ, I gave all I had to the poor.

Part of my work remains on earth and part is in heaven.

The city that bore me, Giovanni, is the flower of Tuscany.

DMcCabe

Review of Art Night on Monday November 12, 2012

On a remarkably warm day for November, there was an excited buzz in the Martello function room as preparations got under way for the evening's performance. There was an air of excitement, an expectation of things to come and a new layout for the room. The evening did not disappoint.

Joe Sterling, photographer, opened the show with a series of photographs showing the life and customs of families from a small Island off the Connemara coast called Inis Mhic Cionaith. Displayed in black and white without verbal commentary, his excellent photographic technique managed to convey a sense of nostalgia and intimacy with an old, soon to be forgotten way of life, which has been passed down from father to son. The mystique of the visual images was enhanced by the magnificent, haunting strains of the Uilleann pipes played by the late Bray piper, Noel Gallagher. The unpublished recording enhanced the intimacy of the photographs while the ancient airs drew the audience into the atmosphere of the island and its traditions. There were views of the family members, spectacular images of land and sea setting off the continuing use of the beautiful Galway hooker boats; a traditional working boat exclusive to the West of Ireland dating back centuries and the only means of transport



Joe Sterling

available to the island. This was quite a unique presentation, as Joe gave a few words of introduction and then said nothing further but let the powerful images and the equally powerful music speak for him. The music really brought his spectacular photographs to life - almost making the enraptured viewers feel as if they were there in each scene that he captured.

Darren Nesbitt - painter and graphic artist gave a preview of his work to be shown in a joint show with three other artists to take place on the 17th of November in Dawson Street, Dublin. Preferring landscapes and outdoor subjects, he drew from the maritime scenes of Bray seafront and the headlands of West Donegal for his inspiration.

Working in acrylic on a commission to paint the Bray seafront, Darren explained that as he worked the result became more and more abstract, focussing on the waves themselves. He moved on to talk about a series of landscape studies "out in the elements", Focussing on Mucross Abbey in Donegal and its surroundings. He needed to paint quickly to capture the light in oil and acrylic. He recounted the experience of rendering views of Glen beach and the rock layers in the cliffs below Mucross, bringing him closer to the waves where he had to hurry to beat the incoming tide.



Darren Nesbitt

He depicted Glen Head in greys mixed with warmer colours, reflecting the misery of working in the rain under a fisherman's umbrella to the gaping fascination of a busload of visitors. Turning to his life drawings he explained that he uses Ink sketched on Italian paper. "I like to produce a loose line, not worrying about the final details". He prefers to work in inks "wet on wet" - a technique which is fast to do but requires a great deal of skill. Finally, Darren discussed his wish to paint images dealing with a message about slightly deeper things. Accordingly, he presented a series of paintings based on conflict and the innocent people affected by it. This series is worked from photographs taken by a journalist friend reporting on the conflict in Syria and the Sudan. The resulting images include such themes as Sudanese refugees living in caves and feeding on bark and insects; a mother and baby; a young boy carrying all he possesses with him; gunfire; a bombed out bakery and the immediacy of the destruction of the very house in which the journalist had been staying. An image of a hospital with blood all over the floor struck Darren as reminiscent of the Pieta. Lastly, Darren described his commissioned work for the Narnia Project in Christchurch, Bray, coming up in February. This involves four 4 by 5 foot paintings on religious themes. Closing, he declared that he is looking forward to trying a new interpretation of the Crucifixion theme.

After the break, singer, **El Grey** took the floor with an interesting combination of electronic keyboard, guitar and rhythm instruments. Accompanied by her husband, Chris, she achieved an intriguing balance of sounds blended warmly with flashes of unexpected highlights. Drawing from her recent CD, "Woolly Hat", she achieved a clever acoustic effect, generating a spatial sense in the way in which instruments and voice were mixed and a clever use of reverb. El Grey's excellent voice was a pleasure to listen to while she modified the volume of the electronic instrumentation to enhance the singing voice which can be drowned out so easily. The power of her musical presentation was borne out by the enthusiastic response from all who heard her. El Grey likes to involve her audience and called upon her listeners to make "an orchestra of finger clicks". With Chris on Percussion, bongo style and the clicking of audience fingers El Grey's

Voice soared away in dreamy delight. Interesting effects were created by her use of distortion to blur the vocal sound making an instrument of the voice without words. She demonstrated a wide versatility on the guitar by making an interesting use of both finger-style and plectrum. Dedicating her writing to her two kids aged 3 and 5, "before they leave home" she followed with a very imaginative piece using an arpeggio pattern on guitar accompanied by a hornlike sound from synthesiser with a pulsing drumbeat from percussion. As the piece progressed a syncopated rhythm emerged, offset by the drum against the continuum of the guitar. El grey added a touch of humour, taking up a child's guitar and using it to highlight the next piece supported by her imaginative, musical creations which were enthusiastically received by all.



el Grey

The closing act of the night was the exciting sound of a new band called "**Vinyl Only**". Featuring our own **Aoife Hester** on bass, **Gareth Cullen** on keyboard, **Ken Fitzpatrick** on vocals, **Gary Kinsella** on drums and **Jamie Mulligan** on guitar. The group plays a blend of blues, soul, funk, rock and jazz. Starting out with "Wish You Well", the group moved into "Old Love" by Eric Clapton with



Vinyl Only

excellent keyboard riffs making a treble offset to the rhythm of the drums with murmuring bass notes from Aoife's guitar. The group displayed its confident, skilled interpretations of "Fumblin' With The Blues", "Fitzcarraldo" and "Moondance". The set finished with a triumphant rendition of "Billie Jean Mashup". Truly, this group will go places! Their sense of fun combined with a precise execution of some very complex musical challenges demonstrated a professionalism that was a pleasure to hear. Naturally, they were only allowed to leave the floor after a number of encores had been played.

Cearbhall E. O'Meadhra

Message from Chairman

"The Chairman and committee send best wishes to our Hon. Secretary, Ger Thomas, who was taken seriously ill suddenly and is now recovering in St. Vincent's Hospital. We would also like to send best wishes for a speedy recovery to Johnny Cleary, the drummer in the Bray Swing band who is also recovering from a severe illness in hospital. We look forward to having the band as guests in the near future when Johnny is back in action."

A Selection of poems from
Beyond the Sea
by Anne Fitzgerald
Publisher : Salmon Poetry 2012
www.salmonpoetry.com

Beauty Spot

What springs to mind is a far off digging
sound, the likes of which you'd hear out
west, as if slabs of wetness are being cut,
as a sleán is driven through wild peonies, cotton
-grass, and flowering swathes of bull rushes.
Come dusk, turf pyramids scatter a dying
sun across lesser known layers, where bog oak
is sought after. It was our Cerberus drives home
the fact wee young Emily Rose Aldershot
had in fact been shot. Three bullets she took
to the heart his nose found, our curious little cocker
spaniel, not far below butterworth and sundew,
in her broderie anglaise holy communion frock.
Heather and blood-orange asphodels sway
as her white ribbon surrenders to inevitable dusk.

In the Village

On Canal Street you stumble into a quandary
of sorts, over the lateness of reclamation,
of the night you offered me the world on the flat
roof. Arms outstretched as if in veneration,
as possible futures rise amongst water towers,
against hammer and sickle, below cut and thrust
of Wall Street resting, yellow cabs hare through
Hemsley's arch as you arc me towards sky
scrapers, where the dark side of the moon
never seems brighter, constellations fall
into place, we trace bits of Orion and Little Bear
as though completing a jig-saw. Puzzle is, how
it all goes askew in sight of Bleecker and Tribeca.
Somewhere beyond Staten sirens are keening.

Rain on Longboat

To Chris and Ethna Lynch

There's a fog comes in for two
days, down from Atlanta, moves
southwards towards us,

as ships' long mast cuts clouds
to the quick, a beach boy bores
holes in sand, (erects umbrellas).

Pelicans skim oceans breath
as if planes in-flight or a nib between
flow of ink to paper-touch where

angles of blackness joins sight
to sound meaning. Raindrops blot
as if a watercolourist's wash,

running reds down lifeguard
flags at lookout points, where manatee
are mistaken for white killers

and Joe Begley for Christ walking
on water, stood upon the arm of his catamaran,
hands cast out as if in prayer

sieving nets for fish, as his triangular
sail moves distance nearer and nearer
thy God to thee, before an applause

of rain plays hymns galore to ocean's floor,
joins swish to swash in a sepia mist
of what has passed and what is passing.

Findings

There's a kind of a knack to this lark
of running the tip of your tongue

along the edge of darkness, fuses light
as if skinning-up. Up until now you

place worries one on top of the other,
building blocks for your Babel Tower

you says, babbling on about this or that
blaggard's figaries, chapels of ease and what

passes for please, greases palms as though
innuendo caught in the crevices of ideas,

sees trees bow to the print of a breeze
in far off images of its own window

reflection, happenings out of sight,
hedgerow holds garments strewn across

thorns of gorse, piercing the bias
of flaxen, yellowing the dying light.



Gotcha!

By Stan Regal (1947–2011)

Sean Barry's alarm went off at six fifteen. He jumped out of bed and started his morning routine. First he did sit-ups, then push-ups, and finally fifteen minutes on the stationary bicycle. He went to the shower sweating, but he thought it was worth it. He had to be physically fit to do his job, and the morning routine helped keep him that way. After the shower, he ate a bowl full of muesli, no artery clogging fry for him. He whistled as he continued to dress. He loved his job and it exuded in everything he did. He took his brown uniform trousers from the press and pulled out a freshly laundered, heavily starched shirt from the drawer. Carefully placing a shopping bag on the straight-backed chair, so he wouldn't get lint on his behind, he sat down. His shoes were covered with another plastic bag to keep off the night's dust. He picked them up, blew off some imaginary specks and gave them a wipe with a shoe cloth just to make sure. He looked at his reflection in the shine. Satisfied that they met his high standards, he put them on. He walked to the door and put his hat on with the palms of his hands so he wouldn't get fingerprints on the highly polished peak.

Before he left his flat, he checked himself in the full-length mirror. "Damn, look good," he said to himself.

His landlady greeted him as he stepped onto the landing. "Morning Sean, my you're looking sharp this morning."

He smiled, happy that his efforts had been noticed. "Got to Mrs. Byrne. I've got a high profile job."

"How many tickets are you going to give out today," she asked?

He smiled, shrugged his shoulders, and walked out the front door.

Several children were kicking a football around in the street. They stopped and stared as he skipped down the steps two at a time.

"Morning Sean," one said.

"Morning Sean, morning Sean," the other two echoed the first.

He clicked his heels together and gave them a crisp salute. They clumsily saluted back. He continued down the street and grinned to himself as he heard one of the lads say with admiration in his voice,

"Did you see that?"

Despite his four foot eleven frame, he was a big man around the neighbourhood. As he walked to the station, he thought of what might have been; not that he wanted his life to be any different. When he was just a little lad, his father had dreams that Sean would become a jockey. But it turned into disaster when Sean started to suffer from motion sickness every time he sat on a pony. His father took him to a doctor, who prescribed pills, then the nosebleeds started. The doctor mentioned that it might be psychosomatic, which his father took to mean that Sean just wanted things his own way.

"Da, I just like to keep my feet on the ground," he explained but his father wouldn't listen.

As he passed the local restaurant, he could see Meave through the window. Although she was busy behind the counter, she stopped what she was doing, waved and mouthed, "Morning Sean." He touched the peak of his hat with his finger and nodded. Several of the lads at the station teased Sean about her, saying that she fancied him, not that the feeling was mutual. She was a nice enough woman, Sean thought, but women led to marriage, and for the present Sean was married to his job.

He switched his backpack to his other hand as he neared the station so he could salute any garda he saw. He took the steps two at a time.

"Morning Sean," a garda sergeant said as he entered the station,

"I see you're still carrying your bag of secret weapons."

Sean smiled and nodded. Although it wasn't official equipment, he found that when you're the best you could be, you could bend some of the rules. Even he had to admit that he was probably the best meter man in the whole of Dublin, maybe even the whole of Ireland. His ticket count last year, was the highest ever given out in the city. It was all in the attitude he thought.

His territory today was St Stephen's Green. He liked that area because it was full of tourists, many driving foreign cars that added to his tally.

Sean kept a small loose-leaf notebook in his pack, with a listing of every car that he had ever ticketed. Each page, in alphabetical order, contained the make, model, registration number, and colour, along with the date and location of where they had been ticketed. Often on his lunch hour, he would sit and page through the book, savouring each memory it brought back. He was always on the lookout for that rare, and elusive make and model that he hadn't ticketed yet. On rare occasions he even fantasised ticketing fire engines and even ambulances, but he knew it was a dream that could never come true.

Today was a routine morning, except for a two year old, red Porche. The meter had five minutes left on it. Sean set the timer on his digital watch, walked down the street and waited for the beep.

He walked back to the car, reaching the front wheels, just as the red flag popped up. He wrote out the ticket in his usual flowing calligraphic style and slapped it on the windscreen. He had to admit that it added something to the car. He was glad he took those evening classes in calligraphy.

During his lunch, he stopped in the corner newsagent to study the latest auto magazines. He purchased one with pictures of the latest models and put in his pack. It was something he could study at night, taking pride in his recognition of the models from their pictures, just as his uncle in England, had learned to recognise German planes from their shapes, during the war.

He walked back to the green and spotted a foreign car driving slowly up a side street, which did not allow parking on it. The driver spotted him, sped up and turned the corner to circle the green again. Sean took in the details for future reference. The driver wore a sky blue leather jacket with a matching flat cap. The car was what Sean could only describe as an endangered species. It was a Trabant, one of those Eastern Block made beauties, that since the fall of communism was bound to die out soon. For an added bonus, it had an English registration. He had to bag this one before they became extinct, like the dinosaur.

Sean walked down the basement steps of one of those Georgian buildings that lined this side of the park, and fished out a mirror mounted at a forty-five degree angle to a short extendible pole he got from an old camera tripod. Raising it up so he could see the street, he waited for his prey to come around the corner, and park.

There was no sign of the auto. After ten minutes, Sean put his mirror away and went in search of it. He wanted that car so badly he could taste it. He walked around the streets like a hound on the scent of a fox, turning his head from side to side, searching every possible place where it could hide. Sean had that feeling that the car knew it was being hunted and had gone to ground.

He passed a coffee shop. Through the window, he saw a blue leather cap and coat hanging from the coat rack. He knew he was close and his nostrils tested the air for any sign of his quarry's spoor.

Finally he saw the car, up a side road that was part of the no parking zone. It was hiding behind a garbage skip. He reached behind his back into his bag and pulled out a pair of binoculars. Adjusting the focus he made out the registration, B-055. He'd show him who the real boss was.

He popped the glasses back into the pack, and took out his ticket book and gold plated pen. He wrote out the ticket as he walked towards the Trabant. Suddenly from the corner of his eye, he spotted the car's owner, across the road hurrying towards it.

Sean matched him step for step, but the driver legs were considerably longer and Sean thought that he wouldn't be able to reach the car in time. He stepped up his pace, but refused to run. If the car got away, then that was that. He wasn't going to cheat, just to make the bag.

But luck was with Sean. In his haste, the driver nearly bumped into a pregnant woman coming out of a maternity shop. Sean reached the car just steps before the driver. He lifted the wiper and slapped the ticket on the windscreen.

"Gotcha," he smiled as the driver rushed up opening his mouth to protest. He took out his record book and started to log the details of his latest kill.

THE END

Tallin

by Shane Harrison

Tallinn guards the southern entrance of the gulf of Finland. Built atop a steep hill it nurtures the centuries it has known. Ancient walls and turrets survive, bell towers and onion domes shape the skyline, a labyrinth of streets entwine within its walls, like some mad, medievalist fantasy. Not just that, mind you; this is no theme park, no historic splinter suspended in amber. The modern city has grown around it, recording both the dour order of Soviet days and the sometimes crass exuberance of a westward looking independence.



Shane sampling the local brew.

Climbing to the highest point in Tallinn is the sort of journey through time that medieval cities provide. The streets wind upwards between close grouped tall buildings. Archways lead off into beckoning squares and courtyards, flights of steps lead to flights of fancy. Rising higher than the high pitched roofs are a host of towers. The sleek spire of St Olaf's church was once the highest building in the world, surpassed in the 17th century. The onion domes of the Alexander Nevsky Cathedral strike an eastern chord, signaling the long dominance of Russia over Estonia.

More than forty per cent of the population still speak Russian and the cathedral's size and prominence is a mark of that culture's persistence. Russian rule began in the early 18th century when the Swedes ceded their authority. After the First World War the Estonians gained brief independence, but the recommencement of hostilities in the 1940s saw Russia annex the land once more.

Age drips from Tallinn, but most becomingly. At the summit, land and city fall away and the eras through which the city has journeyed become visible. The regimented streets of the communist age form one zone, the brash spires of consumer capitalism another. Beyond the city the flat lands merge in an infinity of Baltic blue. The air itself seems scarcer here, the buildings white and calm above the bustling city

Tallinn retains much of its impressive walls and guard towers. These

sport colourful names, there is Fat Margaret and, intriguingly, Kik in de Kok. Sounds painful, but it's old Low German meaning 'peep into the kitchen', the vantage point allowing such snooping, apparently. The city grew in the heyday of the Hanseatic league and many original merchant houses survive. Some have been converted into restaurants and bars, and occasional street theatre breaks out as players attempt to lure custom with costumed displays of local legend. Typical Paddy abroad, I suppose, but I wind up parked before some seriously frothy beer at Mad Murphy's in the Town Hall Square. Irish tricolours flutter in the brisk breeze; they're fond of flags here, the flapping colours and emblazoned pennants underlining the medieval atmosphere.



It's not all gaiety. St Catherine's lane is lined with ancient tombstones, the pressing walls on each side kept apart by buttresses. Outside the city walls the atmosphere changes markedly. Trams skate along straight boulevards, Soviet era apartments and powerful public buildings assert themselves. In the New Town glass towers take the eye upwards, street signs, neon and tacky commercial joints vie for attention. Still the ancient peeps through like a palimpsest. Old wooden churches are left marooned in the concrete and neon.

At one redevelopment site the foundations of an old building remain. Along the ground, beneath glass, a timeline of Tallinn's history is laid out. From Danish invaders to Teutonic knights, the Swedes were followed by the Russians, then a brief flicker of independence before the dark Soviet days. As the Iron Curtain evaporated, Tallinn became independent again. It is now in the Eurozone and prices are cheaper than its Baltic neighbours.

Amongst Europe's oldest capitals it was Europe's Capital of Culture last year. We can be sure the blossom of Tallinn will not fade away. Its citizens provide a streetlife that's lively and bright, with a keen sense of style and modernity too. But they are wise enough to hold onto their past, building on its firm foundations for a promising future.

Thank You

A very sincere thanks from all at Bray Arts to
John McCormick
for funding this edition of the Bray Arts Journal

We would also like to thank
Brendan Duggan

Brendan is the proprietor of Ocean Restaurant and has bought the photograph of '**Sunrise on Bray Beach**', by photographer and Bray Arts committee member **Aoife Hester**. Bray Arts is very grateful for his contribution which will pay for the printing of our journal for another month.

Preview for Monday Dec 3rd Arts Night

Upstairs at the Martello Hotel, Bray Seafront

Doors open 8:00pm

Everyone is welcome Adm €5 & €4 conc.

Programme

Claire O'Donnell Harpist

In keeping with the great harpists of the Irish tradition she performs both classical and traditional harp music. She grew up in Bray and began lessons on harp in Newtownmountkennedy before moving to



the Royal Irish Academy in Dublin. She recently graduated from DIT Conservatory of Music with 1st class honours in music performance. She has played with the RTÉ National Symphony Orchestra, Camerata Ireland and toured extensively with the European Union Youth Orchestra. Her solo engagements include recitals for former president Mary Mac Aaleese and at the World Harp Congress. This Autumn 2012 Claire was chosen to represent DIT in the Freemasons Young Musician of the Year

competition and was also selected to participate in the National Symphony Orchestras Mentoring scheme for advanced young musicians.

Claire teaches Irish harp in Bray with Comhaltas Ceoltóirí Éireann.

Anne Fitzgerald poet

"Fitzgerald is a poet whose work I have followed with great interest for a long time and I would recommend her new volume to those who have not yet discovered her impressive work. The appropriately-named *Beyond the Sea* shows her marrying her Irish-inflected language to a truly international experience of the world and its literature. She creates her unique effects with a densely-patterned music which takes us from tight lyrics through to the edges of prose poetry. In all her experiments, however, we never lose contact with words as a source of pleasure and excitement in themselves. A reverence for language and a precision in its deployments informs these poems. It is a fine thing to have them in the world. The tumble of language with grammar in these lines carefully switches referents and unfolds syntax in surprising, sometimes bewildering ways. Anybody seriously interested in modern poetry will want to read this book." – *Ian Dubig*



Blue Moon Trio

Blue Moon trio featuring Andy Smith on saxophone and vocals, Marion Smith on vocals and guitar, and Zeca Munhoz on drums. The music will be a blend of swing, latin and original tunes. Blue Moon have been performing as a trio since 2006 throughout Ireland and Europe. Their influences include vocal azz, bossanova and blues.



Andy Smith Marion Smith Zeca Munhoz

Andy's wide experience in music includes playing in various blues, jazz, rock n roll, reggae and afro bands throughout the UK, Europe and Ireland.

Marion began her singing career at age 11 at Church weddings and later in various Irish and cabaret bands.

Zeca Munhoz was born in Brazil and specializes in Drums and Percussion. His diverse playing is influenced by the rhythms and folklore that come from Samba, Bossa-Nova, Axe-Sambareggae, Maracatu and also an open mind about what people are playing all over the world.

A Christmas Carol

Thu 6 Dec 2012 at Mermaid Theatre

Join renowned West-End actor **Clive Francis** as he tells the story of infamous skinflint Ebenezer Scrooge in this unique one-man adaption of the Dickens classic. Francis masterfully weaves this festive tale, playing every character along the way, in a moving and brilliantly entertaining performance. A Christmas show for all ages – and humbug to those who say otherwise!



'A Christmas Carol is theatre at its best. A slight of the hand in which, before your very eyes, he fills an empty stage with an entire Dickensian landscape. Simply magic!' Alan Ayckbourn

Produced by Conor Sheridan in association with Clive Francis

Premier Arts and Crafts

Premier Arts and Crafts Bray have moved from the Florence Road to the Main Street beside the Mermaid Arts Centre. We are now located in the building that was the sweet shop. Looking forward to your continued support. Mairead and staff.

Christmas in Bray

• Christmas Craft & Food Fair • Santa's Experience
• Live Crib • Chef's Christmas Theatre
• Shopping Stroll

www.bray.ie

Bray at the heart of it

AT THE DESIGN CENTRE
Fri 7th, 14th, 21st | Sat 8th, 15th, 22nd | Sun 9th, 16th, 23rd

Come to the heart of Christmas in Bray at the Courtyard located at the Design Centre, (opp the Royal Hotel). It's got something for everyone. These are some of the events happening at the Christmas Courtyard.

Christmas Craft & Food Fair
Fri 7th, 14th, 21st | Sat 8th, 15th, 22nd | Sun 9th, 16th, 23rd
Fri 4-8pm, Sat 10-6pm, Sun 11-6pm
The magical Artisan Fair will be offering the best in crafts and foodie produce for a hugely enjoyable Christmas shopping experience. Browse and sample some of Wicklow's finest offerings in this unique setting.

Santa's Experience
From Fri 7th Dec
It's official Santa has parked up his reindeers and taken up residence in Bray this December. As part of the experience, Mrs Clause will tell Christmas stories, you will find out how to create some magic reindeer dust from Santa's helpers in the workshop and Santa himself to get your gift. The experience will last 40mins (Approx.) and will start on the hour. Tickets are €6 per child and can be booked at the Bray Design Centre or online at www.bray.ie.

Live Crib & Carols
Christmas Courtyard at the Design Centre, From 8th Dec Saturday's & Sunday's only, 11am - 4pm
Get into the true spirit of Christmas by visiting our traditional live crib at the Christmas Courtyard. The Crib will consist of a traditional Nativity Scene with live animals from Glenroe Farm, Wicklow.

Christmas Gathering Tree
From Sat 8th Dec
This year Bray's Christmas Tree will be branching out as a reminder of our extended family abroad. Just complete a small message card at the Design Centre and these cards will be attached to a bow and each bow is then placed on the giant Christmas Tree.

Wicklow Times Santa's Post Box
Pick up a special Santa letter form from one of the retailers around the town and make sure he gets your letter on time by posting at Bray's Special Christmas Post Box in the Christmas Courtyard.

Charity Present Wrapping Service
After doing all your Christmas shopping, take the hassle out of wrapping by availing of our service.

Make sure Santa Claus gets your letter on time! All letters for the North Pole can be posted in the Post Box in the Design Centre.

Bray Arts Night Mon Dec 3rd

Martello, Seafront, Bray Doors Open 8:00pm Adm: €5 /€4 conc. Everyone welcome.

Claire O'Donnell Harpist

In keeping with the great harpists of the Irish tradition, will perform both classical and traditional harp music from her extensive orchestral and solo repertoire.

Anne Fitzgerald poet

will read a selection of poems from her new volume 'Beyond the Sea' displaying a reverence for language and poetry as a source of pleasure and enrichment for everyone.

Blue Moon – Jazz trio

will swing the mood into the festive season with a blend of Latin and original tunes drawn from Vocal Jazz, Bossanova and Blues.

Submission Guidelines

Editor : Dermot McCabe : editor@brayarts.net
Creative Writing Editor : Anne Fitzgerald :
annefitz3@gmail.com

Email submissions to the above or post to :

Editor Bray Arts Journal
'Casino', Killarney Rd., Bray,
Co. Wicklow

Text in Microsoft Word
Pictures/Logos etc Jpeg preferably 300 dpi

Copyright remains with the contributors and the views expressed are those of the contributors and not the editorial board.